WARHAMMER
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RAT PACK!
THE EPIC CONCLUSION OF HAMMERBILDT!

CONTENTS

HAMMERBILDT With the young men of the town off fighting against the Chaos horde in the north, it falls to the citizens of Hammerbildt to defend it from the insidious skaven menace.

Script: James Peaty • Art: Gary Erskine • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

THE PILGRIM Throughout the Imperium of Man the noble Adeptus Astartes are a byword for courage, honour... and sacrifice.

Script: James Peaty • Art: Shaun Thomas • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

FIRST CHARGE OF THE WHITE SCARS An extract from 'The Great Khan of Quan Zhou', written by one of Jaghatai Khan's most trusted generals, about the primarch's early life on his home planet, Chogoris.

PLAGUEBRINGER The inhabitants of Talabheim sleep soundly at night knowing that Archaon's host lays siege to lands further north than theirs. But an unseen murderer lurks within their midst...

Script: St Spurrier • Art: Frazer Irving • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

IT'S NEARLY THAT

time of year again! Yes, Games Day 2004 will soon be upon us, and I'm sure it will prove to be very exciting. Apart from the fantastic events, table-top games and interesting people, we at the Black Library will, as usual, be flying our flags high and doing our best to disseminate all the very best in kick-ass dark fantasy and adventure fiction. There will be tons of top products on sale, many available for the first time as exclusive Games Day releases. Graham McNeill goes Chaos crazy with Dead Sky, Black Sun, which continues the adventures of Uriel Ventris, Robert Earl's Wild Kingdoms takes Bretonnian adventurers Florin and Lorenzo to the Ogre Kingdoms, and you'll also be able to pick up (if you're strong enough) the new Gaunt's Ghosts and Gotrek and Felix omnibus editions. And let's not forget Andy Hoare's brilliant new background book, The 13th Black Crusade, which tells the history of that terrible campaign, with many accompanying pictures. Oh yes, there's a special edition of that as well... Hope to see you all there! MR

Warhammer Comic clattering issue 85, October 2004

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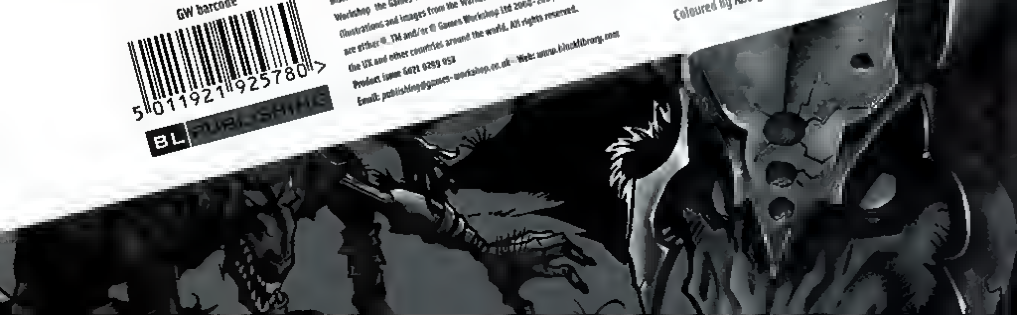


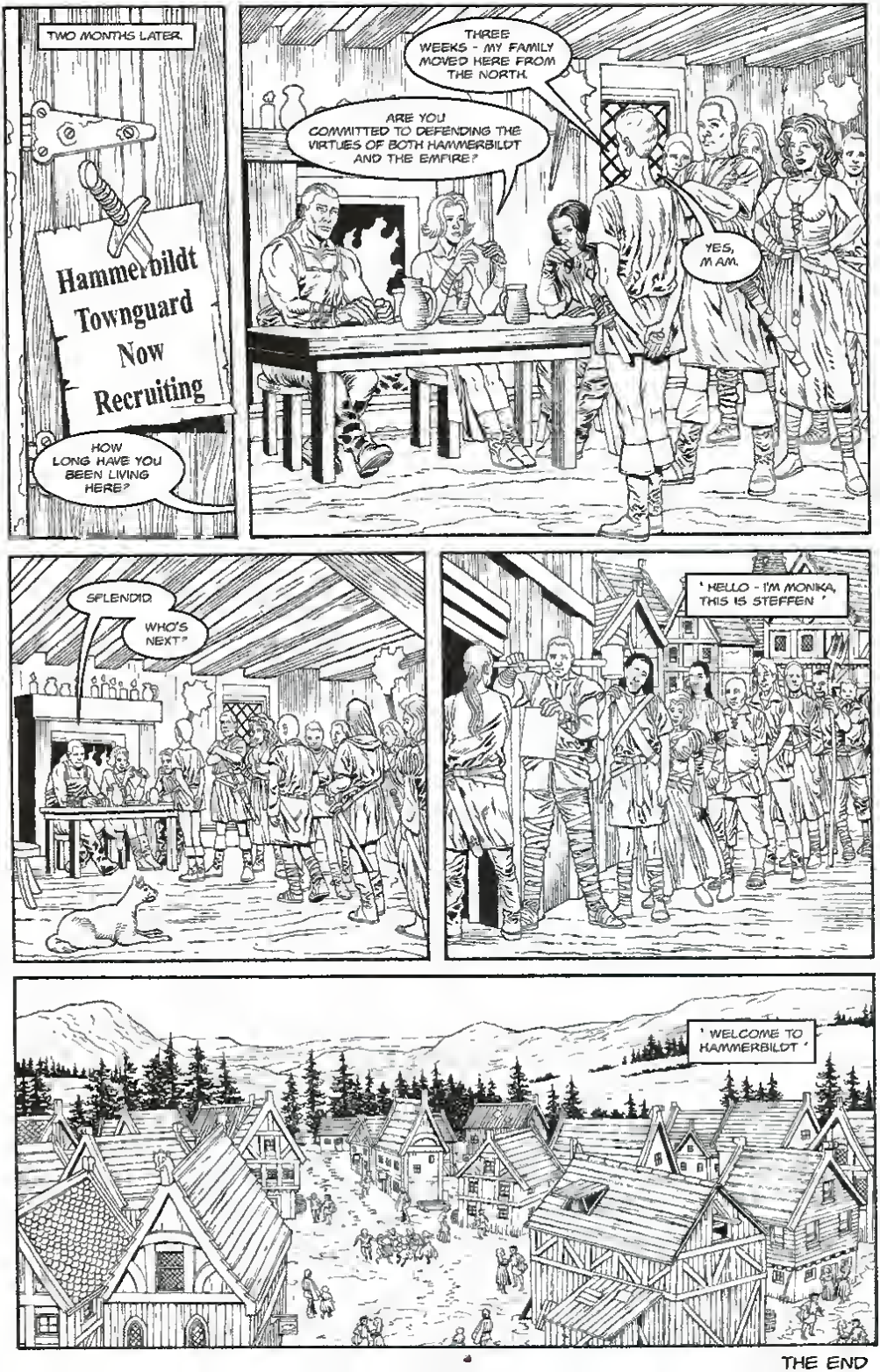
' THE CREATURES HAD TAKEN THE LIVES OF THREE TOWNSMEN
' LOSSES THAT HAMMERBILDT COULD ILL AFFORD
' IT WAS ALMOST AS IF HERE IN THE GUTS OF OUR HOMETOWN..'
ARRRRGGGH!
SLASH!
HAMMERBILDT
PART THREE
..WE WERE FIGHTING FOR ITS VERY FUTURE
STORY: JAMES PEATY • ART: GARY ERSKINE • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

JANECK ARE YOU OK?
I THINK (UNNNFF) ITS FAIR TO SAY..
.. I'VE FELT (UNGH) BETTER.
LET'S GET YOU ABOVE GROUND AND HAVE THAT WOUND LOOK..
NO!
BUT WE KILLED THEM.
SOME.
NOT ALL.

WE NEED TO SEAL THE TUNNEL.
THIS BLACKPOWDER SHOULD DO THE JOB - IF WE BLOW IT DEEP ENOUGH.
THAT'S SUICIDE
YES
I KNOW
YOU'RE MAD!
BOY - GIVE ME THAT BACK.
I WON'T LET YOU KILL YOURSE-
STEFFEN!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY
' SLOWLY - THEY BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND..
' - THE FUTURE OF HAMMERBILDT WILL NOT BE WRITTEN BY PEOPLE LIKE ME..'

..BUT BY PEOPLE LIKE THEM.
THAT THE ONLY WAY WE CAN SURVIVE TOMMOROW IS BY EMBRACING IT..
..AND LETTING GO OF THE PAST.
I BELONGED TO A GENERATION THAT FAILED TO RECOGNISE ITS TIME HAD PAST
..NEVER DENY IT.
BUT YOU CAN ONLY DELAY THE MARCH OF HISTORY..
SKLETCH!

'HAMMERBILDT..
'..TOWN OF MY BIRTH..
'..SITE OF MY DEATH..
'..I LOVE YOU.'


TWO MONTHS LATER.
Hammerbildt Townguard Now Recruiting
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIVING HERE?
THREE WEEKS - MY FAMILY MOVED HERE FROM THE NORTH.
ARE YOU COMMITTED TO DEFENDING THE VIRTUES OF BOTH HAMMERBILDT AND THE EMPIRE?
YES, M'AM.
SPLENDID.
WHO'S NEXT?
' HELLO - I'M MONIKA, THIS IS STEFFEN '
' WELCOME TO HAMMERBILDT '
THE END

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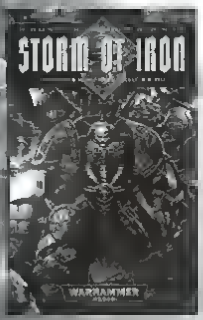

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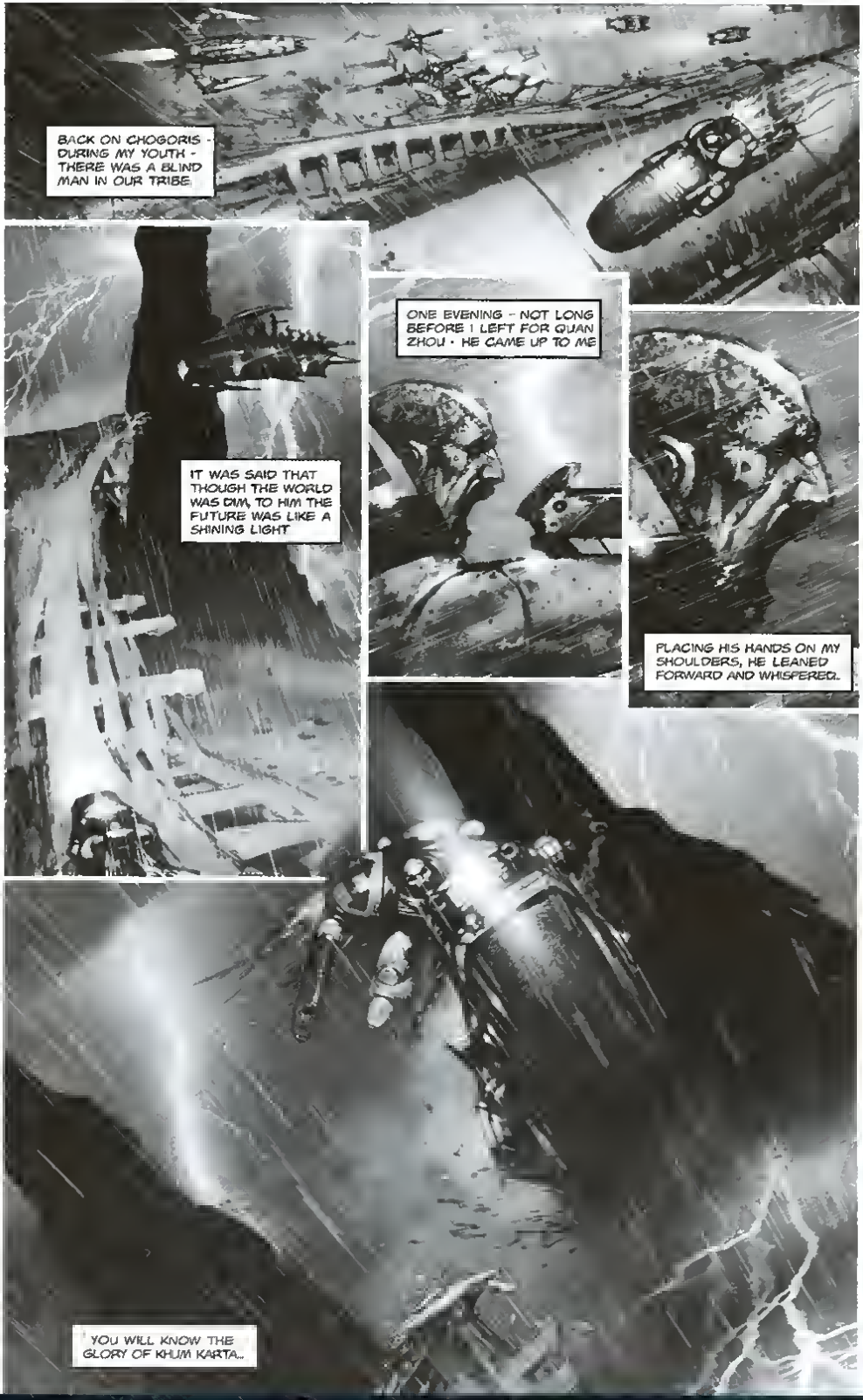
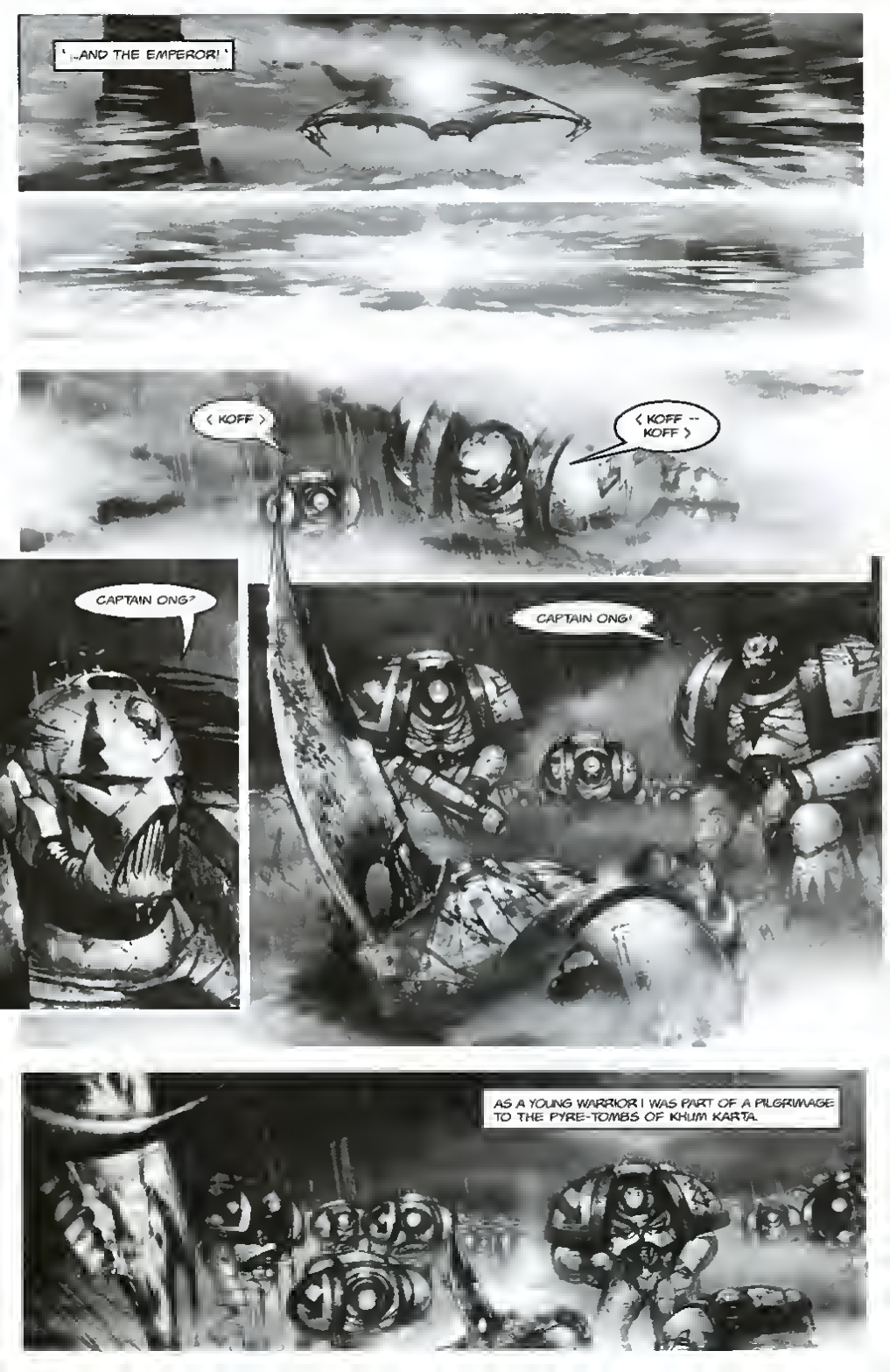
STORY: JAMES PEATY • ART: SHAUN THOMAS • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

AS A YOUNG WARRIOR I WAS PART OF A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PYRE-TOMBS OF KHUM KARTA.
OF THOSE WHO JOURNEYED TO THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF OUR HEROES...
WHITE SCARS!
KCHINK-
KCHINK-
KCHINK-
-ONLY I RETURNED.


BACK ON CHOGORIS - DURING MY YOUTH - THERE WAS A BLIND MAN IN OUR TRIBE.
IT WAS SAID THAT THOUGH THE WORLD WAS DIM, TO HIM THE FUTURE WAS LIKE A SHINING LIGHT
ONE EVENING - NOT LONG BEFORE I LEFT FOR QUAN ZHOU - HE CAME UP TO ME
PLACING HIS HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS, HE LEANED FORWARD AND WHISPERED..
YOU WILL KNOW THE GLORY OF KHUM KARTA..

AND ONE DAY TAKE YOUR PLACE THERE
AT THE TIME, I LAUGHED AT THE OLD MAN.
BOOOOM!
KA-BOOM!
KREEEAKK!
BUT IN MY HEART
KILL HIM!
BLAM! BLAM!

SCHLUNK
ARGGGGGH!
...I KNEW WHAT HE SAID WAS TRUE
FOOR
MON KEIGH - SO MUCH EFFORT FOR SO LITTLE REWARD.
ANY LAST WORDS BEFORE YOU DIE?
YES...
FOR THE KHAN...
BLAM!


'...AND THE EMPEROR!'
< KOFF >
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CAPTAIN ONG?
CAPTAIN ONG!
AS A YOUNG WARRIOR I WAS PART OF A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PYRE-TOMBS OF KHUM KARTA.

OF THOSE WHO JOURNEYED TO THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF OUR HEROES
...ONLY I RETURNED.
FOR THE KHAN...
...AND THE EMPEROR

END

First Charge of the White Scars

When Jaghatai Khan was taken back into the Emperor's embrace, one of his generals, Ogedei, wrote the 'The Great Khan of Quan Zhou', to preserve the legend of his birth and life on his home planet of Chogoris. This is an extract from that great tome.

A New Leader, A New Tribe

It was near the banks of the mighty Quonon river, where the plains of the Empty Quarter meet the foothills of the Brown Lands that He was found. Ong Khan, the many-scarred leader of the vaunted Talskars was crossing the ford on his horse when he heard the full-throated cries of a new born babe. He hunted amongst the bull rushes and found a man-child, eyes wide open and possessed of a burning fire. It is said that He glowed with an inner-strength, which Ong Khan recognised instantly as the reflection of much future glory.

Born on the plains, born out of the earth and the fertile water, was found Jaghatai, greatest leader the Talskars have ever known. What else could He be but a gift from the gods? A gift to help us fight the evil men that dwelled in the Palatine empire in the east. The gods had seen too many of our folk murdered by these evil-doers. Once too often had they taken one of us, and set him loose, only to hunt him down on horseback, sending him to an ignoble and unfair end.

Jaghatai was our salvation.

It soon became known by the other tribes that a warrior of great stature – in mind and body – was bringing glory and victory to the Talskars. In the way of the people of the steppe, this was seen as a great threat, and they grew to hate him for his strength and the danger he posed.

Ambush

And so it was that the dishonourable sheep-herders, the Kurayed tribe, did set about a Talskar hunting party in cowardly ambush. They hid in an escarpment like old women, watching the camp through jaundiced eyes. When the brave Talskar men had fallen asleep, they crept forward on their bellies, dragging themselves through dirt and mud, [illegible] dishonour from every [illegible] rose up like a sn[illegible]

strike, and shot the unsuspecting guard through the eye. He fell without a sound, a warrior deserving a better death.

Like spectres they crept into the camp, knives drawn, dripping poison. Such was their fear that they had two murdering pigs to each Talskar brave! With downward thrusts and silent hate, they plunged their blades into flesh. But despite the trap the men of Talskar rose up to fight. Pouring blood into the earth they fought tooth and claw, but the numbers of the foe were too great, and they all fell to a man. As for the Kurayed, may their cowardly souls moulder in filth for eternity!

Amongst the fallen was Jaghatai's adopted father, Ong Khan, and many fine warriors. Upon hearing of the attack, Jaghatai flew into a rage, from which some say He never fully escaped from. He called for a muster to avenge the atrocity, and men flocked to Him, baying for the blood of the Kurayed.

It was a chance for the man to prove His leadership and demonstrate His ferocity as a general. The avenging tribe marched on the Kurayed village. They did not expect attack. They believed that their dishonourable ambush had torn the heart and fight out of the Talskar people. They were wrong. Jaghatai was the beating heart of vengeance that drove His people to utterly destroy the camp, and every man, woman and child who dwelled there. It is said that after the massacre, Khan bathed in the blood of the slaughtered; but this was not enough to slake His thirst for vengeance.

He took the Kurayed chieftain's head and mounted it above His tent, to rot in the sun and be consumed by the flies. This action demonstrated to all the sort of man Jaghatai would become. He carved out a reputation built upon loyalty, honour and total ruthlessness. But He had another facet that set Him apart from the other tribe leaders. He saw beyond the internecine wars that took place all over the plains. He saw a future with the tribe united under His own banner. Then, He knew, they would be unstoppable, and they would be able to finally rid the planet of the cruelty of the Palantine Empire.

After the victory, Jaghatai became Jaghatai Khan of the Talskars. For many years He fought the other tribes and hunters of the steppe, and every victory saw more men gather around Him. Destiny surrounded Him, and His eyes were filled with fire. His skill as a general was matched only by His bravery in the field of battle. Those who saw Him fight said they had never seen the like before.

In time, Jaghatai Khan had a huge host of men behind Him. It became known as the Mathuli 'irresistible force'. Under Jaghatai Khan's rule, all men had to fight in His ranks, and the different tribes were integrated into combined fighting units. This strategic thinking by Jaghatai Khan ensured that the natural rivalry between the groups was largely forgotten, and was replaced with unswerving loyalty to the army and Himself as general. He presided over a meritocracy, where men were promoted to leaders on the basis of their skills. This solidifying of the army and growth in strength continued for a decade, until disaster struck.

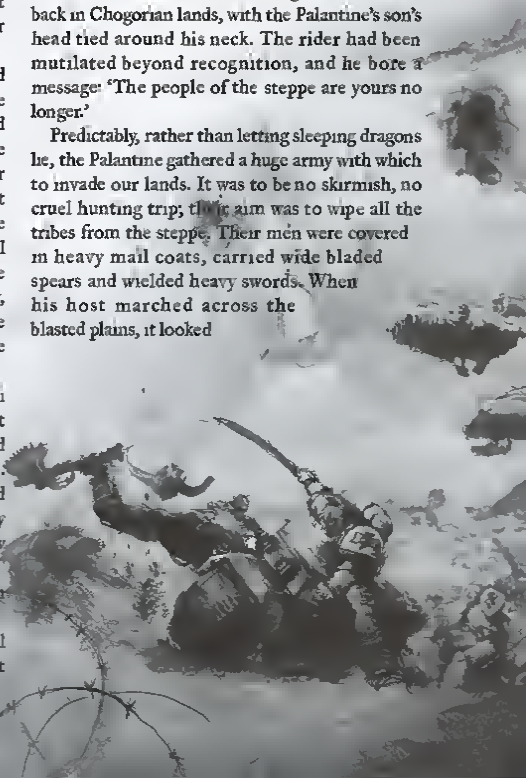
Hunted

On a bleak winter's day Khan's army picked its way carefully along a snow-encrusted ledge, high up in the mountains. The mountain passes are treacherous, and so it was that the great Khan, and many of our warriors were thrown from the edge, to fall thousands of feet onto the rocks below. Believing their leader to be dead [and what mortal man would survive such a thing?] the army moved on, at a loss as to what to do.

Legend tells us what happened after the event. We know that our great Khan returned to us, against the fates. As to the events before He came back, they are shrouded in mystery. It is said that the Palantine's only son found a battered warrior lying in the snow. He sought to use Him for sport, as he had so many others of our tribe, and hunt Him like a wild pig.

I do not believe the great Khan ever spoke about what happened in the following days. But we do know that some time later a single rider arrived back in Chogorian lands, with the Palantine's son's head tied around his neck. The rider had been mutilated beyond recognition, and he bore a message: 'The people of the steppe are yours no longer.'

Predictably, rather than letting sleeping dragons lie, the Palantine gathered a huge army with which to invade our lands. It was to be no skirmish, no cruel hunting trip; their aim was to wipe all the tribes from the steppe. Their men were covered in heavy mail coats, carried wide bladed spears and wielded heavy swords. When his host marched across the blasted plains, it looked



like a shining, silver river. The Palantine was confident of victory.

Battle

But the great Khan was ready, and His master strategist's mind had planned carefully. In the Valley of the Khans, on the Lon-Suen Plain, the armies met, and the fight began.

The Palantine's men fought in tight formations, rings of steel, bristling with sharp spears. Around them, the Khan's horsemen encircled them, peppering the packed ranks with arrows, and always staying out of spear's reach. Jaghatai outfought them totally. The Palantine could not bring the strengths of his army to bear on the nimble horsemen, and as their numbers reduced, the Khan's ring of death closed in around them.

Only the Palantine and a few of his body guard escaped. Everyone else died in an orgy of death. The field was soaked in blood, and the screams of the dying rent the air. All the tribal leaders and holy men gathered together and proclaimed Jaghatai the Great Khan, Ruler of All Within the Lands.

From this point on, the path to glory for the Great Khan was almost ordained. He burst into the Palantine's lands and rolled over their cities and castles like a tidal wave. Nothing could stop His advance, and it was not long before He had the entire land at His mercy.

A short time later the Emperor from the stars descended upon our world, and took the Great Khan away to embark on new adventures and impossible deeds. He will forever remain in our people's memory as the greatest Khan to have ever drawn breath.

KOOM!
INTO THEM, GENTLEMEN!
HIS NAME IS KARVER
I CAN TASTE HIS PURITY, LIKE ACID
I SHOULD FLEE
I SHOULD COWER FROM HIS ZEAL, BUT..
..BUT HERE IN THIS MIRE, HERE IN THIS SEA OF THE CITY'S OWN FILTH..
HERE, I AM FILLED WITH THE CERTAINTY
MY FATE LIES WITH HIM. I FEEL IT
SKREEEE···!
COME, GENTLEMEN A FINE NIGHT'S WORK
LET THE BODIES ROT

THE CITY'S LIGHTS CANNOT SCARE ME NOW.
I HAVE PURPOSE. I HAVE PREY.
LET THIS HOLY RAVEN GUIDE ME TO MY DESTINY. IN NURGLE'S NAME, I WILL BE GLAD OF IT.
PLAGUEBRINGER
PART TWO
STORY: SI SPURRIER | ART: FRAZER IRVING | LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

MY LORD ARCHPRIEST.. WHAT IS THE COMMOTION?
SOMETHING WONDROUS, MASTER KARVER. WE HAVE A GUEST.
"..A MOST DISTINGUISHED GUEST!"
..AND WILL RETURN TO US IN GLORY AND LIGHT, MARKING THE SKIES WITH THE TWICE-TAILED COMET OF HIS BIRTH..
WHAT DO WE KNOW?
SHE CALLS HERSELF THE PILGRIM, MILORD.
USUAL STORY CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY SIGMAR. LIVING SAINT, THEY'RE SAYING
GREW UP IN SOME FARM HAMLET IN THE ARSE END OF NOWHERE. NOW LOOK AT HER.
COME, MY LADY I SHALL LEAD YOU WITHIN.
I SUPPOSE SHE PERFORMS MIRACLES TOO?
SO THEY SAY..
HMPH..

'...WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT.'
...AND HOPE TO MAKE YOU VERY WELCOME. AS LONG AS YOU WISH IT THE TEMPLE OF SIGMAR IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
THANK YOU. YOU ARE VERY KIND.
THERE IS NO KINDNESS TOO GREAT FOR A PROPHET OF THE LORD.
TOO TRUE, ARCHPRIEST. IN THESE TIMES OF... HIDDEN EVIL, WE MUST HOARD OUR ALLIES WITH CARE.
WELL, YES, OF COURSE, I-
PROVIDING, OF COURSE, WE MAY TRUST THEIR CREDENTIALS...
I ASSUME YOU HAVE A POINT, KARVER?
FORGIVE ME, MY LORD... I DID NOT WISH TO SPEAK OUT OF TURN... I MERELY ADVISE AN ELEMENT OF... CAUTION.
A TEST, IF YOU WILL.
LARS - FETCH A CARRIAGE.
'...WE'RE GOING TO THE DOCKS.'

IS THIS WISE, MILORD?
YOU KNOW, LARS... I RATHER THINK IT IS.
SINCE LAST NIGHT THE RIVER HAS BEEN CLOGGED WITH DISEASE. THE HOSPICES ARE OVERFLOWING WITH SICKNESS...
AND NOW A WITCH ARRIVES WITH CLAIMS OF SAINTHOOD.
I DO NOT LIKE COINCIDENCES, LARS.
'SHE GLOWS.
...IN SIGMAR'S NAME,
...BE THOU PURIFIED...
'SHE GLOWS IN MY HEAD AND MY BLOOD, AND IT IS DEATH, AND IT IS HATE.'
'I AM FLAYED. I AM DISSECTED.'
NRAAAAAAAAA----
'I AM CLEANSED, AND BY THE PESTILENT FATHER - IT HURTS!'

' I UNDERSTAND NOW.
' THE MAN KARVER HAS LED ME TO MY FATE, AFTER ALL.
' IT IS HER. IT IS THE HOLY WOMAN.
' SHE'S THE ONE I'M HERE TO FACE.
' SHE'S THE ONE I WAS CREATED TO KILL.
KOOM KOOM KOOM KOOM KOOM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, CREATURE... BUT YOU'VE PICKED THE WRONG FIGHT.
I...
' IT HURTS IT HURTS IT HURTS IT HURTS IT HURTS

GENTLEMEN A LITTLE LIGHT EXERCISE, I THINK.
HUNTER... HUNTER, WAIT.. IT IS AFRAID I FEEL ITS FEAR... IT IS A THING TO BE PITIED, HUNTER.. NOT HATED
MADAM..
YOU HAVE PURIFIED THE RIVER THAT PLACES YOU ABOVE MY... ATTENTIONS.
FOR NOW.
BUT YOU WILL
NOT
TELL ME
HOW TO DO MY JOB.
GOOD DAY TO YOU.
NEXT: THE SHOWDOWN

TEAM DCP
Elthriador & RIP_ODB